Prin. O my ſweet beefe, I muſt ſtill be good Angell to thee, the mony is paid backe againe.

Fal. O, I doe not like that paying backe, tis a double labour.

Prin. I am good friends with my father, and may do any thing.

Fal. Rob me the Exchequer the firſt thing thou doeſt, and do it with vnwaſht hands too.

Bar. Do my Lord.

Prin. I haue Procured thee *Iack* a charge of foot.

Fal. I would it had beene of horſe. Where ſhall I find one that can ſteale well? O for a fine theefe of the age of xxii. or there about: I am hainouſly vnprouided. Well, God bee thanked for theſe rebels, they offend none but the vertuous, I laud them, I prayſe them. *Prince. Bardoll.* *Bar.* My Lord.

Prin. Goe beare this letter to Lord *Iohn of Lancaſter*,
To my brother *Iohn*: this to my Lord of *Weſtmerlands*.
Go, *Peto*, to horſe for thou and I
Haue thirty miles yet to ride ere dinner time:
Iacke meete me to morrow in the Temple hall,
At two a clocke in the afternoone,
There ſhalt thou know thy charge, and their receiue
Mony and order for their furniture.
The land is burning, *Percy* ſtands on high,
And either they or we muſt lower lie.

Fal. Rare words! braue world. *Hoſtes*, my breakefaſt come,
Oh, I could wiſh this Tauerne were my drum. *Exeunt.*

Enter Hotſpur, Worceſter and Dowglas.

Hot. Well ſaid, my noble *Scot*, if ſpeaking truth
In this fine age were not through flattery,
Such attribution ſhould the *Dowglas* haue,
As not a Souldier of this ſeaſons ſtampe,
Should go ſo generall currant through the world:
By God I cannot flatter, I defie
The tongues of ſoothers, but a brauer place
In my hearts loue hath no man then your ſelfe.
Nay taske me to my word, approue me Lord.

Dow. Thou art the king of honour,
No man ſo potent breathes vpon the ground,
But I will beard him. *Enter one with letters.*

Hot.

Hot. Do ſo, and t'is well: what letters haue you there, I can but thanke you.

Meſſ. Theſe letters come from your father.

Hot. Letters from him? why comes he not himſelfe?

Meſſ. He cannot come, my Lord, he is grieuous ſicke.

Hot. Zounds, how haz he the leiſure to be ſicke
In ſuch a iuſtling time? who leades his power?
Vnder whoſe gouernement come they along?

Meſſ. His letters beares his mind, not I his mind.

Wor. I prethee tell me, doth he keepe his bed?

Meſſ. He did, my Lord, foure dayes ere I ſet forth,
And at the time of my departure thence,
He was much feard by his Phiſition.

Wor. I would the ſtate of time had firſt bin whole,
Ere he by ſickneſſe had bin viſited:
His health was neuer better worth then now.

Hot. Sicke now, droope now, this ſickneſſe doth infect
The very life-bloud of our enterpriſe,
T'is catching hither, euen to our campe:
He writes me here, that inward ſickneſſe,
And that his friends by deputation
Could not ſo ſoone be drawne, nor did he thinke it meete,
To lay ſo dangerous and deare a truſt
On any ſoule remou'd, but on his owne,
Yet doth he giue vs bold aduertiſement,
That with our ſmall coniunction, we ſhould on,
To ſee how fortune is diſpos'd to vs:
For, as he writes, there is no quailing now,
Becauſe the King is certainely poſſeſt
Of all our purpoſes: what ſay you to it?

Wor. Your fathers ſickneſſe is a maime to vs.

Hot. A perilous gaſh, a very limme lopt off,
And yet, in faith, it is not his preſent want
Seemes more then we ſhall find it. Were it good,
To ſet the exact wealth of all our ſtates,
All at one caſt? to ſet ſo rich a maine,
On the nice hazzard of one doubtfull houre,
It were not good, for therein ſhould we read